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A warning for married Women.

By the Example of Mrs. *Jane Renalds*, a West-Country Woman, born neer unto *Plymouth*; who having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards Married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit: the manner how shall be presently recited.

To a gallant West-country tune, cal'd, *The fair maid of Bristol*; Or, *Bateman*, or, *John True*

THere dwelt a fair Maid in the West,
of worthy birth and Fame,
Neer unto Plimouth stately Town,
Jane Recalds was her name.

This Damsel dearly was beloved
by many a proper Youth,
And what of her is to be said,
is known for very truth.

Amongst the rest a Sea-man brave
unto her a wooing came;
A comely proper Youth was he,
Iame Harris was his name.

This Maid and Youngman were well (agreed
as time did them allow:
And to each other secretly,
they made a solemn vow.

That they would ever faithful be,
whilst Heaven afforded life:
Ye was to be her Husband kind,
and she his loving Wife.

A day appointed was also,
when they were to be married: (pass
But before these things were brought to
matters were strangely carried.

All you that fatal Lovers be,
give ear and hearken well;
And what of them became at last,
I will directly tell.

The Young-man he was prest to Sea,
and forc'd he was to go:
His Sweet-heart she must stay behind,
whether she would or no.

And after she was from him gone,
the three long years for him staied,
Expecting of his coming home again,
and kept her self a Maid.

At last came news that he was dead,
within a Foreign Land,
And how that he was buried,
she well did understand.

For whose sweet sake the Maiden she,
lamented many a day,
And never was she known at all
the wanton for to play.

A Carpenter that lived hard by,
when he heard of the same,
Like as the other had done before,
to her a Wooing came.

But when that he had gain'd her love,
they married were with speed;
And four years space being man & wife
they lovingly agreed.

Three pretty Children in that time,
this loving Couple had;
Which made their Father heart rejoyce
and Mother wondrous glad.

But as occasion serv'd one time,
the Good-man took his way,
Some three days journy from his home
intending for to stay.

But whilst that he was gone away,
a Spirit in the night,
Came to the window of the house,
and did her sorely fright.

Which Spirit spake like to a man,
and unto her did say.
My dear and only love (quoth he)
prepare and come away.

Jame Harris is my name (quoth he)
whom thou didst love so dear,
And I have travelled for thy sake,
at least this long seven year.

And now I am returned again,
to take thée to my wife;
And thou with me shall go to Sea,
to end all further strife.

O tempt me not swéet James (she said)
with thée away to go;
If I should leave my Children small
alas what should they do?

My Husband is a Carpenter,
and a Carpenter of great fame,
I would not for five hundred pounds,
that he should know the same.

I might have had a Kings Daughter,
and she would have married with me,
But I forsook her golden crown,
and all for love of thée.

Therefore if thou wilt thy husband for
and thy children thrée also, (sake,
I will forgive all that is past,
if thou with me wilt go.

If I forsake my Husband, and
my little Children thrée,
What means hast thou to bring me to,
if I should go with thée.

I have seven Ships upon the Sea,
when they are come to Land,
Both Marriners and Merchandize
shall be at thy command.

The Ship wherein my Love shall sail,
so glorious to behold:
The Sails shall be of finest Silk,
and the Masts of shining Gold.

When he had told her these fair tales,
to love him she began:
Because he was in humane shape,
she thought he had bin a man.

And so together away they went,
from off the English shore,
And since that time the woman kind,
was never heard of more.

But when her Husband he came home,
and found his wife was gone,
And left her swéet pretty Babes
within the house alone.

He beat his brest, he tore his hair,
the tears fell from his eyes,
And in the open stréets he run,
with heavy doleful cryes.

And in this sad distracted case
he hang'd himself for woe,
Upon a trée néer to that place,
the truth of all is so.

The Children now are fatherless,
and left without a guide;
But yet no doubt but heavenly powers,
will for them well provide. Finis, L.P.

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